CHAPTER 12 - OPERATION CARRIER PIGEON

The term "Pigeon" is one with which I have been familiar since the early1980s when I first began delivering messages between my "owner" Senator Byrd and Puerto Rican drug lord and CIA operative, **Jose Busto**. Houston had simply explained to me then, as we fed the flock of pigeons roosting at the Old San Juan Cathedral, that Pigeons were used as messengers. The DIA's **U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino** often activated my Pigeon programming during the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations.

Dick Cheney further defined the term "Pigeon" when I learned of Operation Carrier Pigeon in the mid '80s. He said,

"You have been selected from the flock (of programmed slaves) for the Carrier Pigeon Operation for the purpose of carrying messages from point A to point B as ordered. Pigeons, once they fly the coop, find no freedom in flight, but carry out their task of delivering their message from point A to point B by the shortest possible route—a direct route. I will direct your route and you will deliver messages as ordered."

But no one defined my role as a Pigeon more eloquently that President Reagan during the course of Operation Carrier Pigeon.

The cryptic "pigeon language" utilized by all participants in the operation was intermixed with The Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, and "Genie in the Bottle" cryptic programming themes. While Pigeon meant messenger, "Carrier Pigeon" referred to the U.S. Air Force aircraft that actually transported the arms and drugs. "Pigeon Droppings" included the sometimes multi-national dispersal of the arms and drugs after they reached their destination. "Pigeon Holing" meant covering up the criminal activity. These definitions, as I understood them then and understand them now, may well include deeper, more diverse meanings than I have perceived.

Habib's favorite programming theme was Alice In Wonderland, Through The Looking Glass due to its international recognition and relation to the ultra- effective NASA mirror, time, and infinity space programs for instantly dissociating programmed participants. He habitually spoke in Alice In Wonderland cryptic language, and even used it for sex as was evidenced by his *Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum* brutal games of perversion. Due to Habib's orchestration of *Operation Carrier Pigeon*, this CIA covert operation was littered with Wonderland mirror themes from beginning to end.

My CIA handler, **Alex Houston** had just returned from a brief solo trip "to Florida" with an elaborately wrapped box. "it's from a friend of yours," he told me as he handed me the box. "Let's go into the bedroom so you can unwrap it and see it through the "Looking Class'."

Cryptically triggered, I mechanically walked to the bedroom as ordered. I removed the silver metallic bow and wrappings from the box and Found an expensive, elegant dress made of an unusual shimmery silver fabric. A sheet of plain white stationary written in **Philip Habib**'s recognizable shaded blue script lay on top of the dress. It read:

The heat you radiated when we last met
melted my mirror.
I had it made into a dress just for you,
cut to accentuate your figure so that when you melt into it, You lose yourself into

the pool of liquid mirror.
Step into the Looking Glass Sink deep within its pool
and straddle dimensions in time. I'll see you there...
along with my friends.

It was signed: "Passionately, Phil Habib," with his name written upside-down under a line as though it were a mirror reflection.

Houston knew there would be a note, and ordered "Let me see your note," snatching it from my hands. He gestured toward the dress. "Go ahead and try it on while I read this note. Now let's see, what does it say? 'Come to Poppa'?"

I took the dress from the box. It did not feel like anything I'd ever felt before. It was cold like satin, but thin like silk. I started crying quietly, afraid that Habib would somehow show up if I had it on. "Put it on and I ' l l zip you in," Houston said as he took another note from his wallet and read it as I undressed:

There's a pair of magic shoes to wear with your dress, Something in-lightening,
to transport you faster than the ol' ruby slippers (Oz) The shoes, like the dress, are made just for you,

and when you wear them you'll be fit for a King, I'll send them for you at the appropriate lime.

Houston tucked the note back in his wallet, "See. You're not going anywhere now. You'll meet him at the White House when you have shoes to wear with it. Just slip it on."

I did. Houston accessed Habib's Wonderland brutal sex programming for his own gratification. Afterwards I hung the dress in Kelly's closet with my other trigger-significant clothes; out of sight, out of mind. Until the shoes arrived...

Habib "sent the shoes for me" soon afterward. They were shiny black with what appeared to be silver lightening bolts down the high heels and sides. In place of dinner

that night, Houston gave me a "Wonderland Wafer" (MDHMA-XTC CIA designer drug "Ecstasy"). The wafer, like all those supplied by Habib, bore his trademark that read "Eat me".

I began to prepare for the night out as instructed. Houston zipped me into the dress, and turned me to face the mirror. As I slipped into the shoes, Houston took another note from Habib out of his pocket and read:

Something in-lightening to tranceport you faster
than the ol' ruby slippers.
Click your heels together (I obeyed) and be there in a snap. Electrifying-with the rumble of thunder.
Boiling through time
So you won't be late for a very important date.

Houston hit me with his stun gun and I passed out. He then drove me to the Nashville airport where I boarded a small plane to Washington, D.C.
I found myself at the White House with **Byrd**, attending another small cocktail party of about 20-30 people. After we spoke with **Reagan**, Byrd pointed me in the direction of Philip Habib and sent me over to him. My

eyes were locked on Habib's as he hypnotically said:

Melt into your melted mirror
for an electrifying ride.
Look deep into the black
of my melting mirror eyes,
See you reflecting me, reflecting you, reflecting me--you-me--you-me

until we melt together and sink deep into the other side.

Habib took me to a quieter spot in an adjoining room and held up another wonderland Wafer as he said in Alice In Wonderland cryptic, "Welcome to Wonderland, Kitten. This is a very important date. I haven't time to explain.? He gave me the wafer and continued, "Eat it, and I'll take you through the door."

Habib took me by the hand and led me to the doorway of another room. It was a dining room of sorts where an informal array of guests was gathered. As soon as Habib appeared in the doorway, **King Fahd** of Saudi Arabia quickly excused himself from the table and approached. He was wearing a multicolored robe and headwear with a black-brown rope band. I was instantly repulsed by his "wicked" lecherous gaze, I stepped back into the other room in fear. Habib introduced him. "This is one of 'my friends' I mentioned in my letter."

I robotically responded, "It's a pleasure to meet you" and extended my hand as taught in *Charm School*. Fahd bent over to kiss my hand. As he did, his evil black eyes bore into mine as he softly said, "Your beauty warms my embers. See them glowing deep within the darkness of my eyes-igniting into flame-black flame." He laughed wickedly at the effect of his use of NASA hypnotic conditioning.

Habib slapped him on the shoulder as though they knew each other well and there were no formalities between them and asked, "Am I right? Is that fit for a King?"' The three of us went into another room that appeared to be a guest bedroom that Habib was occupying. He closed the door and told me,

"Diplomatic relations are very important. You know the old saying 'when in Rome do as Romans do'. Well, he's a King. Get on your knees. His wish is your command. Satisfy his deepest wishes. It's your turn for a magic carpet ride, so turn your Genie free."

Fahd was sitting in a chair by a coffee table. As I knelt on the carpel in front off him, his piercing black eyes seemed to stab into my brain like swords. I could not turn away. He stroked my neck with his index finger, activating oral sex programming. "I have heard about you and am in-tent on having you."

Somehow he found the slit in his robes and parted it as he continued, "Come into my tent- A feast has been spread for you." He spread his legs and exposed his penis—one of the nastiest I had ever seen—like a black night crawler worm that smelled and tasted strongly of spice. Habib watched as I carried out my orders, much to the pleasure of Fahd,

Then **Habib** went to the chest of drawers and began pulling out his electric prod and bondage equipment as he explained.
"Now let me introduce you to my other 'friend'. I need to bottle up a message with your Genie and send it out to sea. You know what to do. Begin undressing now."

I did as I was told and lay on my stomach on the bed while Habib sodomized me. He used his electric prod equipment and programmed me with a message to deliver to **General Manuel Noriega** while on an upcoming NCL cruise.

I was at sea on board an NCL cruise ship bound for their private island in the Bahamas, Stirrup Cay, which was to be my rendezvous point with Noriega, "Bottled up" in my mind through the recent 'Genie in the Bottle' programming, was a cryptic message from King Fahd to Noriega. It was a moonless night whereby the Caribbean waters appeared as black as the night. I could not distinguish the sky from the sea in accordance with NASA hypnotic conditioning.

I gazed, totally entranced, from the rear of the cruise ship. Houston used the opportunity to hypnotically enhance Habib's previous programming, while traumatizing

me with the threat of being thrown overboard. The thought of "treacling water in the inky blackness while the lights of the ship fade further-and further--away-until all is black and I sink-to the depths of the sea" did not seem so horrible in tight of the fact that I was to be the bearer of bad news to Noriega in the morning.

Upon arrival to NCL's Stirrup Cay, Houston and I began our usual walking trek to the farthest end of the island where the **CIA** operations radio station and equipment were located. In a hidden cove on the island's back side was a smaller island of sufficient size to conceal Noriega's personal yacht, anchored behind it.

As **Houston** and I made our way along the cove's beach, we came upon an old wooden boat half buried in the sand and a man sitting beside it. Because I was in a different personality, I did not recognize the man as my contact who ran the Stirrup Cay control lower for drug trafficking and covert activity. I asked him how he got there.

He began his charade, which, due to the depths of my trance, I believed in its literal text, while Houston heard quite a different story:
"I shipwrecked." John (the name I called him) pointed to the boat half buried in the sand, "That's all that is left of my boat."
I asked, "Why haven't you been rescued?"
He cryptically replied, "I sent a message in a bottle and I expect a response real soon. Good thing I had these coconuts (he was carving one) and all that 'sugar' in the hull to sustain me."

Houston laughed, immediately realizing that 'sugar' meant cocaine and said, surprised, "In the hull?" as he bent down to look inside the wreck. I looked, too. There was more white cocaine and (dark) cocaine paste than I could mule (carry) in one walking haul, even with both of my tote bags full. But I could not comprehend reality in the midst of this charade, and therefore commented that he was fortunate that both the "white and brown sugar" had made it through the wreck.

Houston said, "So, they cast you away, huh?"

My contact laughed and sniffed, "Yeah, cast me away with all that 'sugar'—that's nothing to sniff at." He looked up as Houston informed him a speedboat was approaching, I looked out across the cove beyond the little island and finally noticed Noriega's yacht. A "black mirror" finish speed boat, which matched the upper smoke glass windows of Noriega's yacht, was approaching. John told me, "Probably has something to do with that message I sent. Help me wave him in." I did.

He handed me a coconut and, using it as a scramble and excuse for me to join him on Noriega's yacht, persuaded me to board the speed boat with him. Houston stayed

behind to guard the cocaine that had obviously already been delivered from Noriega's yacht.

When we pulled up to the rear of the yacht, I was helped on board by Noriega's armed guards. I noticed there did not seem to be any big parties going on as was customary, and Noriega seemed unusually abrupt and businesslike. He was not drunk this time. Upon command from John, I delivered Fahd's message:

"I am under command to deliver a message from King Fahd. The Caribbean is becoming volatile. Trouble in Jamaica, Trouble in Cuba, Even trouble in Panama. Dominican Republic must be launching point for missiles and artillery that are being channeled though Cuba. Concluding arms deal, Carrier Pigeon must be detained until all transactions are cleared. Banco de Panama to receive Contra Aid after all steps leading to me have been swept away by the shifting sands (of Lime), and all pigeon droppings pigeon holed. Our business is concluded. Let us part on friendly terms"

My personal perceptions of history as it happened in reality remains somewhat distorted, as I had no access to "news" outside of my mind-controlled environment. In order to keep my memory retrieval free of contamination, I completed the deprogramming process before "educating" myself through books And news. I have since learned that what was reported as news was often distorted propaganda, and many events were never reported at all.

Therefore, I do not know of the "troubles in Jamaica and Cuba" to which **King Fahd** referred. I was aware, however, that due to outside scrutiny, **Houston** had recently met with Jamaican officials in Kingston pertaining to ceasing the long standing criminal covert operations. As for Cuba, I only knew that I was no longer meeting with my Cuban contact. In Panama, I knew Noriega himself was the object of controversy.

The "arms deal" was the final stage of Operation Carrier Pigeon where the planes were to wait in Saudi Arabia until all bank transactions were cleared and the load was ready for disbursement. Saudi Arabian King Fahd would then fund the Contras via Noriega for **Reagan** after all evidences had been properly covered up—just as he had done in Afghanistan.

After the shipment, there would be no further deals through Noriega involving Fahd, because **Noriega** could no longer be trusted. Besides, Fahd had increased diplomatic relations with Mexico for covert operations, and Iran-Contra was just beginning to heat up.

Noriega did not seem to be upset by the news of losing Saudi Arabian business, although he was somber and took some time to respond. His translator was working

over some complex computer equipment after I delivered the message. I left Noriega's yacht with John and a brief message for **Dick Cheney** at the Pentagon.

Back on Stirrup Cay, Houston was anxiously waiting to begin transporting the cocaine back to the party area of the island. There, NCL workers were cleaning up from the cruise ship's beach party cookout, which was NCL's excuse to stop the ship. After I muled the first heavy load of cocaine in my tote sacks, Houston approached one worker familiar with the drug operation and informed him we had a heavier load than usual and needed to make another trip.

The worker directed us to a huge empty food container used for transporting cook out supplies from the ship, and gave us the key. We locked the first load in the container, and I took my empty tote sacks, plus another straw bag back. for another haul. With the second load, **Houston** even carried some cocaine: himself. We had to run quite a distance through the island woods in an attempt to make it back to the ship's shuttle before scheduled departure time. When we arrived, the beach was nearly deserted, as all the passengers had been taken back to the ship. All that remained was the food container and the NCL worker who was hurrying us onto the shuttle and on board the ship, which was waiting for us.

When the cruise ship docked at the Port of Miami, Puerto Rican drug lord and CIA operative **Jose Busto** was acting as a U.S. Immigrations officer (commissioned by the Drug Enforcement Agency through the CIA), which he often did for NCL. Busto helped us clear ship undetected with the large load of cocaine. The drugs were packed into suitcases, then loaded into Houston's specially made motor home which was parked in NCL's guarded, restricted parking lot.

Most of the cocaine was dropped off as usual at Warner Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia, to be distributed to destinations unknown to me. The money generated by the sale of cocaine was supposedly used to fund a major arms shipment into Saudi Arabia. These weapons were reportedly distributed among several neighboring countries. The profits were then relayed into *Reagan's Contra Cause*.

A large quantity of cocaine was retained by **Houston** for his own use and delivery for personal profit through his country music industry contacts. Some of the cocaine would be delivered by me to Saudi Arabian Ambassador, **Prince Bandar Bin Sultan**, Fahd's own "Homing Pigeon".

I carried a message from Warner Robbins Air Force Base in addition to the message from Noriega agreeing to Fahd's terms back to Dick Cheney at the Pentagon. **Cheney** then prepared me for the final phase of the operation. This was a meeting with Prince Bandar (who Cheney, Houston, and others referred to as *Sultan*) in Nashville, Tennessee where he often visited corrupt friends.

There, I would relay a message of agreement to Fahd's terms between Noriega and the U.S., as well as confirm all Air Force flights (Carrier Pigeons) and bank transactions. In turn, Fahd's "Homing Pigeon" would relay the messages to Fahd so that the seemingly long running drugs for arms deals would draw to a successful conclusion.

Dick Cheney cautioned me, "Sultan will be in Nashville having dinner with friends at the Stockyard." (The *Stockyard* was a popular country music dinner club known for its CIA criminal covert activity involvement.) Cheney glanced at the list on his desk and continued,

"Among others, those friends would be (Mayor) Fulton[1] and (Sheriff) Thomas.[2] They are considered a threat to the operation. They're not discrete. Thomas in particular is not to be trusted--he's an ass and too crooked. So, Sultan must leave the table before the message is delivered. Any questions? Good."

I certainly had no questions this time. I did not need him to caution me about Nashville's Mayor **Richard Fulton** whom Houston had prostituted me to, and Sheriff **Fate Thomas**. I had known the pair for years, had been cautioned about them before, and had no respect for them at all. Together Thomas and Fulton had indiscreetly perpetuated the total corruption that had permeated Nashville's $2.8 billion country music industry, which ran the city of Nashville.

They ran the city's business from a bar - the Stockyard - while they drank and openly used cocaine. If I had had the capacity to wonder, I would have wondered what a "Homing Pigeon" so critical to the conclusion of this international criminal covert operation was doing with such low level sleaze. As it was, I could only sense relief at not having to deal with them, too.

Prince Bandar Bin Sultan's reputation for sex and drugs was widely known in Nashville. But much of my information pertaining to his activities came from one of my closest Project Monarch friends. She is an entertainer's daughter who was prostituted regularly to Sultan when he was in town, which was often.

When Cheney was through with me, Byrd escorted me to the White House to see Reagan, who also cautioned me about the Prince. Reagan was aware of Habib's having activated me sexually with **King Fahd**, and made it clear that my scheduled rendezvous with **Prince Bandar** would not include the usual sex.

Reagan joked in Byrd's presence,
"Birds (Byrds) may well be eaten by a Kitten. (Reagan's pet name for me), but not Homing Pigeons. Homing Pigeons taste foul."

Byrd laughed. Reagan continued, "Homing Pigeons have one purpose. Passing messages. Throughout history world leaders have passed messages to and from each other by way of pigeons. Messages that have set the course of events that have altered the course of history.

Homing Pigeons are loyal and dedicated to their task, flying over seas, yet never pausing long enough to even quench their thirst-giving no thought to their own needs. When a pigeon is released, he takes a direct course to his destination. Dedicated to delivering the very messages on which history was founded.

Why, even Noah relied on a pigeon to traverse the seas to bring back a message of hope. It is your duty to attach an added message to the Horning Pigeon-one of peace, from our homeland lo his: One from the President of the United States to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, ... (Omitted due to international ramification.)"

Byrd was visibly inspired by the speech. I was literally saved by the bell from another boring, long winded recitation that Reagan had just inspired in Byrd when Cheney telephoned me back to his office. It was still morning and Cheney had appeared very busy, hurried, and irritable when I had seen him just a short time earlier. My heart was heavy in expectant anticipation of the physical and sexual brutality Cheney's moods normally incited.

Yet I was relieved to escape the torturous "picture painting" competition that experience had taught me Byrd and Reagan were about to embark on. My heart lightened when my escort left me at Cheney's office and I noticed his foul mood had changed dramatically.

"I understand you ordered me to report in, Sir." Cheney looked up from his desk where he was shuffling through papers and tying up loose ends before leaving his office.

"Sit down." he ordered, "I just got word that the Genie in the Bottle 'Cast-away' Operation is complete and I intend to pop a cork or two of my own in celebration of its successful conclusion. I have time on my hands and want you to join me. The bunkhouse is being prepared..."

Cheney apparently thought of something, went to the door and told the guy who had escorted me, "Make sure there's some Wonderland Wafers in the bunkhouse," He walked to his desk, picked up the phone and said, "I'm outta here" into it and slammed it down.

I followed Cheney out the door, and we turned to the right rather than the left outside his office and walked to his personal quarters referred to as the bunkhouse. It was decorated in Cheney's western style in browns and tans, with leather furniture. There was no food (maybe some nuts stashed somewhere), but plenty of bottles of alcohol.

I was swollen and bleeding vaginally, the bottom of my shirt was soaked in blood, and my belly hurt deep inside when my escort finally came for me early the next morning. Staying around **Cheney** while he slept was as deadly a mistake as removing his clothes or questioning him - it was forbidden.

This time he broke his own rule, and did not even punish me for it when morning arrived. He had spent so many hours drinking alcohol and using his enormous penis as an assault weapon that he passed out shortly before my escort arrived. As I walked into the hall, I doubled over from pain. My escort turned to Cheney and remarked, "Christ, Cheney".

Cheney lifted his head and proudly slurred, "Now you know why they call it 'Dick'". Back in Tennessee, my CIA-paid gynecologist, who knew I was under mind control, covered for my abusers as usual and wrote me a prescription for swelling and pain, I was still in pain and ill from my exposure to Dick

Cheney and his high voltage torture and brutal sex when Houston drove me to Nashville's Stockyard Nightclub for my rendezvous with Prince Bandar Bin Sultan.

A waitress led me to the Saudi Arabian Ambassador's table where he was drinking with Mayor Fulton, Sheriff Thomas, and Metro Police Chief Joe Casey.[3] I approached him and said, "If you please, Sir (Oz), I am under command to deliver a message to you from the Pentagon. There is to be no horse play (sex games). We must get down to business."

There was laughter from everyone at the table. I continued.
"My message is brief and I only need a moment of your time away from your dinner."

The Prince's face grew more serious and we left the table. He touched the waitress' arm and she pointed to a door across the hall that led to an empty room. We stood just inside the room, and I quickly delivered ray Pigeon cryptic message:

"The Carrier Pigeon (Air Force airplane) will take flight... and will keep its promise (the agreed load) while all transactions (both bank and distribution) are procured through the designated diplomatic channels (Habib.) Your bonus, one crystal, three cuts await you. The President of the United States gives his word to King Fahd: ..."

He told me his driver would meet me out from of the *Stockyard* and instructed me to put the cocaine in the back, I left the building to rejoin Houston at the car in order that the cocaine could be delivered. A white stretch limousine was pulled up in front of the Stockyard; Chief Casey's assigned Metro Police Officers guarded the area, and the cocaine was transferred into the back seat of the Prince's limo. Houston and I immediately left the area.

My part in *Operation Carrier Pigeon* was concluded.

1 Richard Fulton and his bank were under Federal investigation as of 1991.
2 Fate Thomas is currently serving time in a Federal penitentiary for bribery and extortion. **3** Recently under Federal investigation for corruption.

Back to Contents

CHAPTER 13 - OPERATION SHELL GAME

Sometime prior to the death of CIA Chief **William Casey**, I was in Washington, D.C. for a briefing on *Operation Shell Game*. Iran-Contra was politically explosive at this time, and U.S. Senator Allen Simpson (R. Wyoming) had a plan to set Panamanian General **Manuel Noriega** up to take the fall for cocaine aspects of the investigation. Noriega had become yet another source of embarrassment to the Reagan-Bush Administration.

The need to convince him to he discrete about his involvement in U.S. criminal covert activities had reached alarming proportions. Noriega had been an intricate part of arming the Nicaraguan Contras for Reagan, as well as an international hub in the cocaine operations that funded the black budgets for ultra secret projects such as Project Monarch.

My CIA operative handler, **Alex Houston**'s shadowy back door drug dealings with Panama further exemplified the kind of "honor among thieves" rules that Noriega routinely and openly violated. My role, my "Contra- bution," was but a small part of the over all picture. Nevertheless, *Operation Shell Game* was one of the more significant and informative covert operations in which I had been forced lo participate.

My role began one cold, rainy day when Houston dropped me off at the Washington Monument where I was met by two agents, who triggered me to go with them by flashing their IDs. They escorted me 10 the large White House Office where I had first met Cheney to "audition" for the *Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations* some years before. As usual, Cheney and Reagan were drinking, this time to excess for so early in the day. Reagan's cheeks were flushed and his voice slurred as he greeted me, "Well, hello, Kitten. Dick and I were just discussing the plight of the Contras since this Ollie North thing broke out."

Cheney's alcoholic foul mood was immediately apparent. He was agitated as usual at Reagan's informality in my presence. Apparently I had come in during a serious discussion about Iran-Contra as Reagan's mood was more somber than I had ever seen it. He took a drink and looked out the window. "Americans believe in their country-baseball, hot dogs, and Ollie North."

Cheney snorted a laugh at what seemed to be an ongoing joke between them about "hot dogs and Ollie North". Reagan continued,
"And I believe in the Contra cause and all that we have accomplished. And I'm damn proud of it! It's not 'Law and Order'. No, it's Order and then Law. Order must come first because without it, law would

be ineffective.

Sometimes we must rise above and beyond the law to establish that order (he glanced seriously at Cheney)—or a new (world) order. As President, that is my responsibility. Establish order through democracy by spreading democracy throughout the world. With order, there is peace. Right now in Nicaragua the people are crying out for democracy, for peace, and I cannot turn a deaf ear to them.

Not even in view of Ollie North's troubles. True Americans know he is a hero. That's why we must rise above the law to establish order by fulfilling the wishes, the hopes, the dreams of those brave men fighting for freedom by doing our part in spreading democracy."

Reagan was gesturing into the air, apparently lost in the poetry of his own ranting. **Cheney** lost patience and jumped from his chair to sneer at me and poke his finger in my chest while he said, "Order is all that matters, and you're going to follow mine." Reagan turned back to us.

"I'm glad you brought that up, pick. Kitten, you have a role in establishing this order With the same patriotic passion that burned in your bosom for the freedom fighters of Afghanistan, you will carry out your orders for the Contras. Dick will define your role and provide you with all you need and all you need to know from the ol' Wizard's bag in the basement (Oz programming in Cheney's Pentagon office). So, you run along now and do as he commands."

Senator **Allen Simpson** was in Cheney's office when we arrived. Cheney flipped over the hour glass to let me know my life was on the line according to Oz programming. Cheney gestured to Simpson and began, "Operation Shell Game is Simpson's brain child, so he's master of the game and he's going to teach you the rules. The objective of the game is to see 'who's left holding the goods".

Pointing to Simpson, he commanded, "Listen to 'im". **Simpson** stood up and began cryptically talking.

"You are going on a 'Princes' Cruise' (Noriega's Yacht). The Baby's Ear Shell is your pass key. I will provide you with yours at the appropriate time."

He took the "shell" out of his wallet. It was approximately 1 1/2 inches long and was translucent pink, shaped and detailed exactly like a baby's car. Simpson noticed the relief cross my face as I realized it was not a real baby's ear.

He smiled.

"These are but empty shells of the life they once possessed. Like you are-empty and void of life. A shell. In one ear and out the other. I have your ear now LISTEN, If they hold the pass key, you listen. When you hold the pass key, you speak. I none ear and out the other-never again to be retrieved."

He returned the shell to his wallet and continued,

"Listen. Follow orders. The Colonel (Aquino) will be there and you will follow his orders and provide a demonstration *Hands On style* for the General (Noriega). It will be different, yet the same, so follow the Colonel's orders closely."

Cheney roughly grabbed my hair and pulled my head back, got right in my face and said,
"Or, I'll get her, my pretty, your little girl. Follow orders as though her life depends upon it because it does. Or the next baby's ear will be taken from Kelly. So listen. When you see the baby's ear, you will

listen."

He spun my head in the direction of the hourglass as he released my hair. He was sneering and Simpson looked as though he thought Cheney overdid it. I was relieved it would not be my job to "soothe Cheney's savage beast" sexually that day.

Cheney look me back to the White House office where we had started. He and **Reagan** shared another drink. Reagan patted my hair back in place where Cheney had pulled it, which made me feel safe somehow since I could not comprehend that he was behind my ordeal with Cheney.

Reagan switched my personality to where I no longer regarded him as "Chief," but instead as "Uncle Ronnie". He did this by reaching into his Jelly Belly jar and giving me one. Certain colors and flavors triggered certain programmed responses. Uncle Ronnie must have had other "Kittens" conditioned to the military green watermelon ones because he kept an excess amount of these in his numerous jars.

Cheney said, "How in the hell you drink cognac and eat those goddamn jellybeans is beyond me. Reagan responded, "Well, Dick, you don't have to have a Jelly Belly if you don't want to. I was just giving one to Kitten, here."

"Damn right I don't have to have a Jelly Belly, but you're going to have a jelly belly if you keep that shit up." Cheney finished his drink. Reagan chuckled, "Now, you know I

watch my figure.."
"Figure this," Cheney interrupted. "What are you going to do with the Contras?" Cheney slammed down his drink and headed for the door. "Exactly what I've been doing." Reagan turned to me, "C'mon, Kitten, Let's take a walk, I need my evening constitutional"

Reagan was in no mood for sex, and it was a relief to be away from **Cheney**. He took me outside for a walk in his "Secret Garden," where he said he goes to "think and solve the world's problems". We walked down a cement path he referred to as a "Yellow Brick Road". After sitting quietly on a cement bench for awhile, he said,

"If you follow the Yellow Brick Road, it leads right to the Wizard's lair - the Oval Office, How would you like to see where Uncle Ronnie really solves the world's problems?" I felt like a little girl with her daddy going to see where he works with no real concept of the experience. The guard at the Oval Office door ensured I was returned to my escorts when Reagan was through "sneaking me

in" to his office. I was then taken back to Washington Monument where **Houston** was waiting in the car as though I had never been gone at all.
Operation Shell Game brought me back in touch with former President **Gerald Ford** early one misty fall morning. Ford's continued relationships with my abusers had given me cause to remain in touch with him

throughout the years; particularly since he and my father were still jointly active in the Michigan organized crime drugs and pornography operation that had launched me into Project Monarch so many years before.

Ford was about to embark on a game of golf with my father on the otherwise "Closed for the Season" golf course next to my father's expensive house in affluent Grand Haven, Michigan. My brother, Mike, was with my father and me as we rendezvoused at the Club House with Ford and the Secret Service personnel assigned to him.

Ford told my father he would "catch up with him and Mike at the third hole" and to "leave us to our business". I was maintained in "Silence" until Ford and I were out of range of the Secret Servicemen, and I recited a message from Reagan instilled prior to the Shell Game,

"If you please, Sir," I began in Oz cryptic, "I have a message for you from Uncle Ronnie. It's a 'humming telegram' (oral sex game) to see if you agree that our National Anthem should be changed to America the Beautiful," (Reagan was actually serious about changing our National Anthem.)

Ford responded, "We may have to see about that later. First, we've gotsome other 'holes' to attend before the sun gets up any higher." As he teed up his golf ball I asked, "Do you still golf a lot now that you're no longer President?"

Re said very seriously, "I golfed a lot when I was President. But now, I just keep up with events from the golf course. I've earned the privilege of monitoring the progress of America's Freedom Train at my leisure." He turned to face me, "Do you play golf yet?"

"Very well, Sir, when permitted." (Houston always ensured he won.) Ford was openly amused by my answer and handed me his club. "Give it your best shot." I out shot him the first stroke and his amusement vanished. I gave him back his golf club as ordered.

At the end of the second hole, Ford said, "I'd like to have a word with you," He took me over to some trees off the fairway and turned to me with his arms crossed over his bulging chest, raised himself up taller, and bore his shark-like eyes into mine. "Lend me your ear", I had the Baby's Ear Shell with me as ordered, took it out of my back pocket and handed it to Ford. He began talking as though I were a machine and he was dictating a message.

"Take this message to Dick Cheney, Pentagon. The Mob has agreed to transfer the $2.3 million (porn profits) to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. Let's pool our money now and we'll be swimming in it. This operation has been an enterprising success. Let's keep it that way. Cease agreement with Panama. All Mexican channels are implemented (cocaine and heroin). Hail to the Chief."

He took a step away and added, "And you (he poked my chest like Cheney) lake care of my friend, Dick. Here..." he handed me the Baby's Ear. For meanness he added "over and out," and did the sign of the (satanic) horns at my eyes which deepened my trance significantly since I had been conditioned so heavily to this by **Byrd**.

After he hit the golf ball, he asked,
"How's my friend, Allen Simpson, these days?"

"Very well, Sir." I noticed he bristled as be missed another shot. His temper was rising. When he wanted to add more to his message, he took out his frustration on me, "Gimme that fucking shell." He wiggled his fingers at me. That wasn't the pass phrase and I did not trigger. He grew louder and more agitated, "Where's that Baby's Ear." I still could not respond.
"Lend me your goddamn ear!!" he roared at me. Close enough.
"Yes, Sir," I responded meekly as I dropped it in his hand.

He proceeded. "Tell Simpson to take care of my friend Dick Thomburgh. Get back to me on it."

He returned the ear. We could see my father waiting at the next hole and **Ford** said he might "bean him one" with his next stroke. He swung, but missed my father.

When we met up with my father at the third hole. Ford set up his ball first, of course, and waving his club at me said, "Get out of here before I get teed off." My father pointed the way with a thumb over his shoulder and let out a shrill whistle. My brother, Mike, walked me through the bushes and back to my father's house.

My sister, Kelli Jo, was waiting tearfully for my return. She was MPDed and horrified of Ford. She and my little sister, Kimmy, and I had all been forced to sexually gratify **Ford** just prior to a special ordered porn film titled *Three Little Kittens* whereby his semen was filmed "anonymously". I was aware that Ford had initiated both of my sisters the way he had me in Cedar Springs, and they, too, dreaded his brutal and degrading sexuality. I hurried past my sister to make sure my daughter, Kelly, was OK. Cheney's threat to her life was ringing loud in my ear.

I did not see the Baby's Ear shell spirt until Kelly and I arrived in Bradenton Beach, Florida. I drove the motor home into Florida with Houston and Kelly along, and dropped Houston off at the Tampa airport, since he did not have a role in *Operation Shell Game*. He "had business at Boys Town in Omaha, Nebraska" where the wayward boys were being traumatized and sexually abused in accordance with the Catholic involvement in Project Monarch.

Survivor **Paul Bonacci** of the infamous *Franklin Cover-up case* has named **Alex Houston** as one of his abusers there in Boys Town. Houston often went to Boys Town or other similar "vacation resorts" while I was on covert government business. Kelly and I drove on to Bradenton, where we checked into a participating campground on the bay across from "MacDill Air Force Base. It, too, was "Closed for the Season".

The recreation room of the campground was actually a harmonics programming operation, and the offices were filled with elaborate computers consistent with high-level CIA operations. The day Kelly and I met with Senator Simpson, I had been instructed by campground workers to drive to nearby Santa Maria Island where we were to collect unusual shells. Kelly and I were on the "wild side" of the island hunting sand dollars because they had "BIRDS" in them.

As we walked through the shallow water, Kelly scared up a Stingray, which sent us screaming for the shore. Simpson was on the beach laughing, looking out of place in his cagney hat and grey suit with legs rolled up and polished shoes in hand. He seemed familiar with the beach. When we reached the shore, he struck up a conversation about shells. It wasn't until he told us about the Baby's Ear Shell and opened his wallet to retrieve it that I triggered and knew who he was.

As he look it out, he also flashed his ID signaling us to go with him. Considering Kelly, he had slipped a shell into the sand for her to find that looked like an eye in a spiral. He used this as a hypnotic induction to control her, comparing it to Bush's Eye in the Sky.

Simpson showed me the shell in his hand and began,

"You. You alone will take the shuttle boat to your Princes' cruise. It will leave the dock from your own backyard (Oz) at 7:30 pm. Dress appropriately (Houston had ensured the proper attire had been packed). You will be escorted to the conference room and on into the lop deck. You will see as you approach the ship (Noriega's yacht) the top deck is surrounded in black mirrors. Look deep into the mirrors; that is where you will be. And where I will be when next we meet"

We walked a little further up the beach to where the motor home was parked and, referring to the Baby's Ear, **Simpson** said,
"They're very rare indeed. This one is the right ear. You must go to the other side of the island, out Long Boat Key, to find its match. The Colonel (Aquino) has the baby's left ear and will meet you at the

Pier at 4 pm. Stop at the little market on the corner and call. Then it's just down the street a little ways."

I followed instructions robotically. Kelly and I watched from the pier as four big, armed (with machine guns) emotionless (programmed?) guards scanned the area as **Aquino** emerged from a car. Kelly said, "Mom, let's go". I remembered Cheney's threat and assured her I would protect her, though I could not comprehend from what.

When Aquino approached with two Dobermans on leashes, I told him **Simpson** had sent me there looking for the left baby's ear. He opened his hand to reveal "all that was left-the baby's ear-the dogs had devoured and consumed the rest of the baby." It was bloody, ragged, and bluish rather than pink. Whether or not this was an actual baby's ear, the impact was the same. I put Kelly further behind me away from the dogs. I stood traumatized and entranced, ready for command. Aquino instructed me in full detail on the night's activities, and that I was to leave Kelly with campground personnel until my return.

That evening I was taken lo **Noriega**'s yacht in the bay via a small motorboat. I triggered and tranced further as I approached the familiar "black mirrored" yacht according to plan. I was helped onto the back of the yacht by Panamanian "palace" guards who kept me there at gunpoint until I was cleared and my Baby's Ear pass key accepted. I was escorted past the Air Force Base officials, their wives, drug people, and the vast amounts of cocaine laid out for them.

I recognized several of the guests, including **Oliver North** and Puerto Rican drug lord **Jose Busto**. I was led up the stairs to the conference room where Aquino, Noriega, and Simpson were waiting. Simpson! I realized I must "be on the other side of the black mirror" and I gazed out into the darkness.

Simpson spoke softly,

"You're on the other side of the black mirror now (NASA programming), peering though the blackness out to sea. Sea of black. Riding on a sea of black, drifting, drifting from the winds. Deep into the blackness. Drifting through the sands of time. Black sands, yielding shells— such as this Baby's Ear."

He pressed it into my hand signaling it was time for me to speak, I addressed **Noriega**,

"If you please, Sir, I have a message from the President of the United Stales of America: The successes we have enjoyed in our shared endeavors are now history in the making, whose course cannot be altered - regardless of the imminent lifting of the veil by well intentioned do-gooders. As this veil is lifted, it may shed light on you. So you must have your house in order, as does Ollie North, and cease any and all detectable activity I will do my best to keep you under shield and out of view if you comply with these orders and cease all detectable activity at once."

Noriega reacted as anticipated, obviously insulted by me message. In the ensuing moment of chaos, Aquino hypnotically waved his hands in front of Noriega and dramatically spread out his satanic black cape (worn for impact on Noriega's superstitions) which appeared to fill the room. Noriega all but bowed to him as Aquino's control over him was complete.

Aquino's manner was side-show-style rather than the usual somber tones used on Military bases for the Hands On demonstrations.

"General, for your entertainment and in respect and appreciation of your successful enterprising 'Contra-bution', the Chief has sent his Presidential Model to demonstrate the latest technology in mind- control advancements. With the flip of a switch, this Pigeon becomes a Kitten (I began undressing). Quite a different animal."

Because of Noriega's superstitious beliefs, the whole idea of switching personalities apparently frightened him. I know **Noriega** believed whole heartedly in mind control, but could not grasp the concept of multiple personalities (which I now believe he perceived as demonic possession).

Therefore, he did not adhere to the idea of one slave being trained for both business and pleasure. Aquino, whom Noriega already perceived as a "devil" working for

Reagan, was manipulating his beliefs masterfully. The impact of this demonstration and Operation would prove to be Psychological Warfare of the highest order.

Aquino ordered me to lie on the bed and invited **Noriega** to look closer at what the "Wizard" - "his Chief (Reagan)" - could create. Noriega stepped closer to see what Aquino was pointing out to him between my breasts. A large, carved baphomet appeared. Aquino had hypnotically regressed me to the time of its making which caused it to seemingly "suddenly appear" right before Noriega's eyes.

Noriega jumped back, ignorantly terrified of this *scientific phenomena*. I believe Noriega stayed in the room for the rest of the demonstration simply because he was frozen in fear. Aquino hit me with a cat-o-nine- tails and I shrieked in pain. Noriega jumped, Aquino hit me with it again, this time activating me to respond sexually as though pain were pleasure - a mind-control concept that Noriega more readily grasped. Then **Aquino** pointed out that the baphomet had disappeared.

While Noriega looked, Aquino used Byrd's Hypnotic induction as he cut me "between the breasts with a knife saying, "Unlike a knife sharp and clean, I'll carve out what I want." My trance had been deepened to the extreme that my circulatory system was slowed. Therefore I did not bleed until Aquino hypnotically changed my trance level. He then told Noriega that the baphomet carving had "retreated to the depths of my body and soul, possessing me and inciting the heal of hell."

He commanded me to show any "face", the vaginal mutilation carving of the baphomet face. As I did, Aquino offered Noriega my sex. As predicted, Noriega's eyes bulged in terror and revulsion. While Aquino told him his "rejection of me had killed me," I ceased breathing and moving as conditioned. **Noriega** was dumfounded as Aquino laughed wickedly and threatened, "Even death will not permit her -or you- escape from the Wizard's power." He explained that I was the "Wizard's own" and "under his spell" and could therefore "re-energize myself and comeback to life."

He put a vaginal prod in my hand and ordered me to masturbate myself with it, pushing the button to electrically jolt myself internally upon command. Noriega's eyes were enormous. He paled to a sickly grey, his mouth fell open and he ran out the door while Aquino assured him that he had "NO where to run, no where to hide from Reagan's powers."

Noriega predictably interpreted the demonstration as a threat from the depths of HELL, which should have been enough to heed Reagan's commands to break the drug trafficking ties immediately. (Apparently this is not the case as is evidenced by Noriega's continued Florida incarceration.)

Aquino and Simpson doubled over with laughter as they congratulated themselves on a job well done. Simpson finally ordered me to dress and escorted me to the back of the yacht to ensure the guards put me on the shuttle boat rather than kill me because of Noriega's horror.

As I approached the dock of the campground, the boat driver told me I would find Kelly asleep in the 'recreation' room. I ran to her, and, fearful of Cheney's threat, made sure her ears were still intact. I was immensely relieved to find them still there and to know she was "OK" (I could not think to wonder what she had endured in my absence.)

I illogically felt like a "good mom" for "doing my part right so Kelly could live." Never before had I experienced such a sense of danger to us both and my relief was proportionate. I lovingly held her in my arms the rest of the night.

Back to Contents

CHAPTER 14 - CLINTON COKE LINES

I met up with **Bill Clinton** again in 1982 at a county fair in Berryville, Arkansas. Alex Houston was "entertaining" there due to the close proximity of the CIA Near Death Trauma Center (aka slave conditioning and programming camp) and drug distribution point at Swiss Villa in Lampe. Missouri. I had just endured intense physical and psychological trauma and programming, Clinton was campaigning for Governor and was backstage with Hillary and Chelsea while waiting to make a speech.

Clinton stood in the afternoon sun with his arms crossed, talking to Houston about him and "his people" (CIA Operatives) being looked into specific areas for the dual purpose of entertaining and carrying our specific covert drug operations.

From my perspective, those who were actively laying the groundwork for implementing the **New World Order** through mind conditioning of the masses *made no distinction between Democratic and Republican Parties*. Their aspirations were international in proportion, not American. Members were often drawn from, among other elitist groups, the Council on Foreign Relations. Like George Bush, **Bill Clinton** was an active member of the CFR, Bilderbergers, and Tri-Lateral Commission.

Based on numerous conversations I overheard. Clinton was being groomed and prepared to fill the role of President under the guise of Democrat in the event that the American people became discouraged with Republican leaders. This was further evidenced by the extent of Clinton's New World Order knowledge and professed loyalties.

Clinton understood that I had just been through "hell" in Lampe, and took it all in stride as he focused on his speech. He not only was well aware of the mind-control tortures

and criminal covert activities proliferating in Arkansas and the neighboring state of Missouri, but he condoned them! Just as there are no partisan preferences in this world dominance effort, neither are there any strong individual state considerations or boundaries, either. I knew from experience that Clinton's Arkansas criminal covert operations meshed with the Lampe Missouri center where he routinely tended business and claimed to "vacation." staying in the compound's resort villas.

In 1983, **Houston** took me to Lampe for routine trauma and programming while he was scheduled to "entertain" at the amphitheatre. Also scheduled to perform were Bill Clinton's and George Bush's friends **Lee Greenwood** and CIA operative, slave runner, and country music singer **Tommy Overstreet Greenwood** and Overstreet were active in both the Lampe, Missouri and Lake/Mount Shasta, California CIA compounds. Clinton was flown in from Berryville, Arkansas by helicopter for the shows as well as for a business meeting.

Before Clinton arrived, Greenwood and Houston were in the backstage dressing rooms snorting fine after fine of cocaine, Houston, always eager to make an extra penny to pinch, attempted to prostitute me to Greenwood,

"She's the real performer," Houston said. "She performs all kinds of sex acts upon command. For a small price, she's yours."

Greenwood laughed, and referring to my Huntsville, Alabama NASA programming said, "I've spent more time in Huntsville than she has, and I know full well who and what she is-a 'space cadet' programmed for sex. She's a modified version of Marilyn Monroe." Tommy Overstreet had waited in and heard what Greenwood said. "How much time have you spent in Shasta?"

"Shasta?" Greenwood looked arrogantly at Overstreet and smiled knowingly as he said, "You don't 'spend time' in Shasta, you maintain the concept if you can. I haven't lost any time there, either, if that's your next question. I go there quite a bit. Enough really to override Houston's suggestion with ease and take what I want, when I want, and how I want it."

Greenwood began expertly accessing my sex programming and told the others in the room, "You all can come and go as you please, but I've been made an offer that I am going to use." He ordered me to undress and bend over the desk where he roughly sodomized me as he said, "You're going to think it's daddy all over again".

When **Greenwood** was through with me, I was ordered out into the amphitheatre concert area. During intermission, I met up with Swiss Villa manager Hal Meadows, Tommy Overstreet, and Governor Clinton in the hall. Clinton was wearing a cap that

read "Diesel Trainer" which I was told to equate literally as "these-will-train-her". Puzzled, I looked at his cap and asked, "Are you a conductor?"

Clinton smiled and said, "Of electricity". Overstreet laughed as he continued,

"Actually it means I check cabooses. How's yours?" I squirmed. Apparently Greenwood had bragged about sodomizing me. They laughed even harder as Clinton said, "Still running, I'm sure".

Houston stepped out of the dressing room to greet Clinton, "Hi, bud."

Houston extended his hand. "I hear you made Governor."

"I hear you deliver a hell of a one liner," Clinton replied, cryptically referring to cocaine and NOT Houston's so-called comedy routine. "I'm always aspiring to achieve new heights."

"Well, come on in," Houston invited. "I have enough (cocaine) to put us all into orbit." I walked into the dressing room with them as Houston was saying to Clinton, "I suppose there are no limits for you since you're across the (stale) line."

"What line?" Clinton feigned surprise and ignorance. He looked at Hal Meadows as he continued, "You mean I've left that state of mine? In the state of mind I'm in, there are no boundaries anyway." He walked over to the table and snorted a line of cocaine. "I come here to get away from it all. This kind of business is pleasure."

"So where's that young wife of yours?" Houston asked, referring to Hillary.

"She's with friends." Clinton sniffed the coke further up his nose. "She's minding her own business. I'm just here to unwind, see the show, maybe do a little hunting (referring to A Most Dangerous Game). I've got a bird (helicopter) ready to fly me back when I'm through. Hey, speaking of 'Byrd' (he gestured my way) I hear she's moved up to the big house (White House)." Referring to his friend and mentor Senator Byrd he asked, "So what's his position now?"

"The same." Houston answered. "Probably like this..." Houston pantomimed a lewd sodomy pose while everyone laughed. "He still runs the show."

Clinton kept his eyes fixed on Houston's "caboose" and said, "Why don't you show her (referring to me) me way out and show me that again?"
If I could have thought at that moment, I would have realized **Bill Clinton** was/is bisexual. My personal sexual experience with Clinton was limited, but I had witnessed him engaged in homosexual activity during an

orgy at Swiss Villa.

Immediately following the Swiss Villa incident, **Houston** was scheduled as usual to perform at the county fair in Benyville, Arkansas. There, Houston and I had been visiting with long time Clinton Mend and supporter, **H.B. Gibson**, when we parted company to attend a private meeting at the mansion of Clinton's bisexual friend and supporter **Bill Hall**. Hall had reportedly made his fortune in the pre-fabricated log home business, and the Clintons were slaying in a guest villa patterned after those at Swiss Villa.

Hillary had taken toddler Chelsea to the villa while Clinton and his aide/bodyguard attended the meeting. Tommy Overstreet was also in attendance as this directly coincided with the recent Lampe meeting. We all sat in Hall's sunken living room on two couches facing each other with a black mirror coffee table between us. Hall had cut numerous lines of cocaine on the table, and everyone present—including Bill Clinton—was inhaling it through $50 bills rolled into straws.

The conversation ranged from CIA, drugs, and politics to the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre and country music. At that time, a major effort was underway to move Nashville, Tennessee's country music industry to the Lampe area (it has since literally moved to nearby Branson), in closer proximity to the CIA cocaine operations that leached the industry.

Tommy Overstreet was attempting to convince Hall, who was obviously no stranger to the drug (cocaine) business, to join the high level CIA cocaine operation that was funding covert activity. They discussed the possibility of Hall transporting cocaine from Berryville, Arkansas to Nashville, Tennessee to be in on the ground level of what would soon be one of the largest and most prolific CIA cocaine operations—the Branson, Missouri country music industry.

By enlisting now, the contacts and customers that Hall would procure could "politically and financially bolster him for life". Additionally, Overstreet discussed the viability of using Hall's own company trucks to transport the drug throughout Atlanta, Georgia; Louisville, Kentucky; and Jacksonville, Florida as well as Nashville, Tennessee and Lampe, Missouri. These key CIA cocaine routes coincided with Hall's established truck routes, according to the insiders present at the meeting.

Hall was being offered the "opportunity of a lifetime" as his role would also include laundering money through his business to fund the black budget covert operations. Hall appeared nervous and skeptical, and Clinton and Overstreet attempted to maintain a "light" atmosphere by joking that Hall could change the name of his trucking line to "CLINTON COKE LINES".

Hall was not convinced and began to raise questions as to the longevity of the operation and how he was going to protect himself. Although Hall was very adept at

the cocaine business, he voiced concern that he found it easier to trust those who were not with the CIA operations I han he did U.S. government protected participants.

Clinton reassured him that it was "Reagan's operation," but Hall was concerned that some faction of the government would "shut it down like a sting operation" without warning and leave him literally holding the bag, Houston laughed and explained that "no one was going to cut it (the drug business) off." He assured them it was far too lucrative and that there would "always be a market" for drugs-a market controlled by those criminals implementing their New World Order.

Clinton added to what **Houston** said, talking in local colloquialisms.
"Bottom line is, we've got control of the (drug) industry, therefore we've got control of them (suppliers and buyers). You control the guy underneath ya' and Uncle (Sam) has ya' covered. What have ya' got

to lose? No risk. No one's gonna hang ya' out to dry. And whatever spills off the truck as it passes through (he laughed and snorted another line of coke) you get to clean up."

Hall smiled at his friend, which was apparently interpreted as consent. Clinton motioned for his aide to get his ledger. **Overstreet** began pulling out his paperwork, and Hall neatly cleared the table of the remaining coke lines.

Clinton gestured to me and told Houston, "Get her out of here".
Houston didn't move and laughed. "She's a Presidential Model. She's kept secrets bigger than yours." Clinton responded, "I don't care. Get her the fuck out of here"

Hall's wife led me away and locked me in a back bedroom. After an indeterminate period of time, I heard her telephone Hillary at the guest villa. She then drove me up the mountain through the dark to meet with Hillary. Although I had previously met **Hillary** we had very little to say to each other - particularity since I was still dazed and tranced from the tortures I had endured at the CIA Near Death Trauma Center in Lampe.

Hillary knew I was a mind-controlled slave, and, like **Bill Clinton**, just took it in stride as a "normal" part of life in politics. Hillary was fully clothed and stretched out on the bed sleeping when Hall's wife and I arrived. "Hillary, I brought you something you'll really enjoy. Kind of an unexpected surprise. Bill ordered her out of the meeting and I look her to my bedroom and made an interesting discovery. She is literally a

two-faced (referring to my vaginal mutilation carving) bitch," "Hmm?" Hillary opened her eyes and sleepily roused herself "Show me."
Hall's wife ordered me to take my clothes off while Hillary watched.

"Is she clean?" Hillary asked, meaning disease free.

"Of course, she's Byrd's," she responded, continuing the conversation as though I were not there, "Plus, I heard Houston say something about her being a Presidential Model, whatever the hell that's supposed to mean."

"It means she's clean," Hillary said matter-of-factly as she stood up.

I was not capable of giving thought to such things back then, but I am aware in retrospect that all *Presidential Model* slaves I knew seemed to have an immunity to social diseases. It was a well known fact in the circles I was sexually passed around in that government level mind-controlled sex slaves were "clean" to the degree that none of my abusers took precautions such as wearing condoms.

Hall's wife patted the bed and instructed me to display the mutilation. Hillary exclaimed, "God!" and immediately began performing oral sex on me.

Apparently aroused by the carving in my vagina,[2] **Hillary** stood up and quickly peeled out of her matronly nylon panties and pantyhose. Uninhibited despite a long day in the hot sun, she gasped, "Eat me, oh, god, eat me now". I had no choice but to comply with her orders, and Bill Hall's wife made no move to join me in my distasteful task.

Hillary had resumed examining my hideous mutilation and performing oral sex on me when Bill Clinton walked in. Hillary lifted her head to ask, "How'd it go?" Clinton appeared totally unaffected by what he walked into, tossed his jacket on a chair and said, "It's official. I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed."

I put my clothes on as ordered, and Hall's wife drove me back down to the mansion where Houston was waiting for me. The meeting apparently had been a success. I heard discussions throughout the remaining years between Houston, his agent **Reggie MacLaughlin**, and **Loretta Lynn**'s handler, **Ken Riley** pertaining to Hall's successful branch of the CIA cocaine operation emanating from Arkansas, No discussions were as poignant and revealing as those between Alex Houston and CIA operative country music entertainer Boxcar Willie.

Boxcar Willie burst onto the country music scene after an ad campaign of high tech hypnotically persuasive produced television commercials that strategically made him an overnight, sensation and "star". The country music industry's Freedom Train needed a conductor to lead the industry and fans to Branson, Missouri, and Boxcar Willie was placed in the driver's seat. Like the Pied Piper of Hamlin, Boxcar Willie succeeded in his role of trance-ferring the industry in close proximity to the Lampe CIA cocaine operations.

Boxcar Willie was one of the primary ground level contacts that Bill Hall made after Clinton convinced him to cash in on the cocaine benefits of the country music industry transfer. Houston and Boxcar Willie discussed Hall's lucrative dealings throughout the years in my presence while traveling the country together, billed on the same shows, including performances at the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre, I had much contact with Boxcar Willie personally since my government sponsored cocaine runs often coincided and intermeshed with his.

But I never knew Boxcar Willie as well as my daughter, Kelly, knew him. Kelly has named Boxcar Willie as one of her primary sexual abusers in three different mental institutions, and has voiced frustration at the lack of justice. "Why am I the one locked up while my abusers remain free?" she constantly pleads. I assure her I am doing all I can to blow the whistle on Boxcar Willie for hex, and expose his role in transferring the country music industry to close proximity of the Lampe, Missouri CIA cocaine operation as outlined by **Bill Clinton**.

1 Loyalty to the sovereign of our country is non existent under New World Orders. "President" Clinton poses no more leadership or loyalty to our country than Ronald Reagan did since both follow(ed) New World Order directives from former U.N. Ambassador and CIA DI-RECTor **George Bush**.

2 Hillary Clinton is the only female to become sexually aroused at the sight of my mutilated vagina.